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# Memories of The Past

FREDERICK B. RICHARDS



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FREDERICK B. RICHARDS





## TRIBUTES TO FREDERICK B. RICHARDS

[The celebration of our fiftieth anniversary is appropriately signalized by the following article by Frederick B. Richards who has been a Trustee since The Association was founded. And this seemed an appropriate time for our elder statesmen to express for the whole membership a fraction of our indebtedness to him.

THE EDITORS.]

Fred Richards bore a large share in carrying the Association through its difficult formative years until it has become one of the foremost historical societies in the country.

But more important than the service he has rendered is the quality of the man himself. Few people that I have ever known seem to me to embody in such a rare degree those qualities of mind and heart and character which we like to think of as typical of the best of the American tradition. The pages of his story will be read in the light of a warm admiration and affection for the author. May he live to help and guide us for many years to come.

STEPHEN C. CLARK,  
Chairman, Board of Trustees

You know how highly I esteem Fred Richards as one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known and as an indefatigable and most enlightened sponsor and promoter of all that is good in the New York State Historical Association from its foundation to the present. As I said in the remarks I made at the annual dinner, in Syracuse, he is "our grand old man."

CARLTON J. H. HAYES,  
President.

It is not often that an organization of the maturity of the New York State Historical Association can continue to have the benefit of the living presence, the inspiration and active guidance of one of its Founding Fathers. That happy privilege is ours. As we move towards the completion of a half century of devotion to the cause of history, our good friend and associate, Dr. Frederick B. Richards of Glens Falls will soon be entitled to display with

becoming pride fifty service stripes, each marking a year of active and fruitful duty as a member and officer of this Association.

Fred Richards is the sole survivor of that devoted little group based in and around the region of Lake George and Lake Champlain which five decades ago laid the secure foundations of this Association. While their historical interests were essentially local, their vision was not parochial for they bestowed on the fledgling society the comprehensive name, the New York State Historical Association.

During the nearly half century of the life of this Association Fred Richards has served in many roles, and always with fidelity and distinction. But this splendid service alone does not account for the esteem and affection in which he is held by all; back of that service there reside qualities of mind and spirit which set their possessor apart as a choice and dauntless soul.

It is a privilege to acclaim Fred Richards for the part he played in bringing this Association into existence, and for the continuous contributions to its development which he has so lavishly given during the intervening years. We look forward to many more years of enjoyment of his companionship and aid.

BERNE A. PYRKE,  
Vice-President.

I have known Fred Richards for forty years. I never knew him to say, do or think an unkind word about anyone—a great friend and a great gentleman.

S. H. P. PELL,  
Vice-President.

It has been my privilege to review the financial and corporate records of the Association from its organization on March 21, 1899 to date.

Indelibly imprinted on these records is the name of Frederick B. Richards, our Vice-President:

Charter Member and Trustee, March 21, 1899 to date; Assistant Secretary, July 29, 1902 to October 18, 1909; Secretary, October 18, 1909 to August 30, 1940; Treasurer, July 29, 1918 to August 30, 1940; Vice-President, August 30, 1940 to date; Treasurer, 1941 to September 4, 1947; Member of numerous committees.

This record speaks for itself of his devotion and the long and distinguished service to the Association.

Although the Association has grown from a small beginning, its Trustees and officers have always stressed the importance of keeping it a financially solvent institution. Frederick B. Richards, as an officer and Trustee during his fifty years of member-

ship in the Association, has made an outstanding contribution to its financial and cultural growth and perhaps more than any other person helped to keep the Association active and solvent during its early days.

I should like to pay my tribute to Fred Richards for all that he has done for the Association and to do him honor as a fellow member and friend.

PAUL S. KERR,  
Secretary and Treasurer.

Product of the North Country and stamped with the kind qualities of its lakes, its forests, its mountains and its gracious people, Frederick Bascom Richards looms high as our oldest and most honored Trustee. The New York State Historical Association has been his major interest and care from its very inception a half century ago, and as Trustee and officer, its development for two score of years lay largely in his hands. His deep concern for all that might be best for the Association has never diminished.

Two score full years of friendship for Frederick B. Richards have held and even increased my respect and admiration for him. To my thinking, more than anyone else he typifies the spirit and the zeal of our common endeavor, and, beyond this, he stands as a true Yorker and the kind of a citizen we are proud to hail as an American.

ARTHUR C. PARKER,  
Past President and Trustee for 24 years.

Dear Fred Richards:

There is a perhaps rather cynical observation to the effect that through the years one makes a great many acquaintances but only a very few friends. May I cherish the hope that you will honor me by including me within the circle to whom you have give your regard and remembrance. In any case I shall give you an overflowing measure of high esteem.

You, Sir, during a long and honored and useful life have symbolized the virtues of unselfishness and faithfulness and self-forgetfulness. The world in which you have moved is happier and better because you have passed this way.

You have come to what we sometimes term "the Evening of Life". My heartiest wish is that the sunset may linger long and the afterglow be golden.

Believe me,

Cordially and faithfully-always  
JARED VAN WAGENEN, JR.,  
Trustee.



## MEMORIES OF THE PAST

FREDERICK B. RICHARDS

I HAVE been asked to give some of my impressions of the early days of the New York State Historical Association. The formal proceedings of the organization are very well told by Peter Nelson in Vol. XXIII, pages 307 to 373, and the obituaries of deceased officers are published in our *Proceedings*. So all I will attempt are a few rambling remarks about some of the events which made history in the Association but are now unknown to most of the present members.

The first eight meetings were held at the old Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George, a grand hotel in the style of the United States and Grand Union hotels at Saratoga Springs, with its wide piazza overlooking the lake, and enormous, high rooms with gorgeous draperies. The attendance was mostly from Glens Falls and Sandy Hill (now miscalled Hudson Falls), but one striking figure was John Boulton Simpson, Commodore of the Lake George Yacht Club, who arrived majestically in his steam yacht, the "Fanita." The rest came by train or steamboat, as automobiles were still in the future. The only attraction for these early members was a love of history, and particularly local history.

It is quite fitting that I start with our first president, the Hon. James A. Roberts. The first question which occurs to one is why a man born in Maine and resident of Buffalo was chosen as our first President. The reason is that as Comptroller of the State of New York, he published in 1897 *New York in the Revolution as Colony and State*, which, from records in his office, brought to light facts to prove that New York State had been second to none in lofty patriotism. It was a saying at the time of the foundation of the Association



that "New York made history and Massachusetts wrote it." We had our Tea Party, "Paul Revere," etc. before Boston did, but only the occasional historical student knew it and our intent was to make our valorous deeds equally well known.

The history of New York State to the founders of this Association meant very largely the battles of the Champlain Valley, and to them Fort Ticonderoga was the most historic spot in North America. The fact that I lived in Ticonderoga and was secretary of the Ticonderoga Historical Society was why I was asked to be an incorporator.

"Colonel" Roberts was evidently a congenial spirit. Aside from his service as Comptroller, he was successful both as lawyer and business leader, and many a financial pinch in the early days of this Association which did not appear upon the records was tided over by him. What I recall, however, more than any of the above was his kindly consideration. To me he was almost a father and I think of him to this day with affection.

Perhaps I should not add the following, but it is part of the unwritten history of the Association, and was the only painful episode in my many years of service. At the Kingston meeting in 1911, Colonel Roberts and Judge Ingalsbe had a conversation at which time the Colonel expressed a desire to resign and the Judge his willingness to succeed. Unfortunately I did not know anything about this, so when the Colonel turned over the chair to me at the time of election, I so hated to lose him that I almost forced his reelection. I learned later that the Colonel and the Judge had a most unhappy session after the meeting, and there was no question about the Colonel's resignation at the next annual meeting.

The Oswego meeting in 1913 was the Judge's first meeting as President, and naturally he was very anxious that it be a successful one. It was a grand success in every particular except that the Secretary fell down on his job. I learned later that the Judge thought I was trying to queer his regime, but I was caught in a chain of circumstances and was just as unhappy as he was. It was a coincidence that my college

roommate's home was in Oswego and he lived very handsomely in the mansion which was given recently by his heirs to the Oswego Historical Society. To him it was a social occasion, and the numerous dinners and parties left little time for the Historical Association duties of the Secretary. After the meeting the Judge and I had a stormy session, but after explanations the Judge buried his hatchet and we remained good friends. I say hatchet advisedly, as the Judge was an Indian when on the warpath. That taught me a lesson—a Secretary can't serve two masters.

Judge Ingalsbe had too strong a personality to be a lovable man, but I think that he perhaps more than any one else was responsible for successfully guiding the young Association. For example, it was he who chose the size, format and color of binding of our *Proceedings*, and took care of any legal matters that came up. One of these was action by the New-York Historical Society to compel us to change our name. In later years the New-York Historical Society became one of our best friends, and its Librarian, and later Director, Alexander J. Wall, was a loyal Trustee of this Association. One of the first acts of Judge Ingalsbe's administration was the adoption of the unwritten rule that no president should serve more than two terms. This was adhered to until Dr. Fox's regime, when the Doctor was so outstanding that we could not relieve him. Since his death we have gone back to the two term rule.

Our third President was Dr. Sherman Williams, at that time Superintendent of Schools in Glens Falls, and later in the Department of Education at Albany. The Doctor was a positive man; he never guessed, he knew, and whatever he championed he was in it, "body, boots and britches." While he lived in Glens Falls he was interested in marking historic spots, and the land around Bloody Pond, markers at that place, Halfway Brook, etc. are due to his efforts. While in Albany an increase in membership was his aim and literally hundreds of the early memberships were the result of his efforts.

Like President Roberts, Morris Patterson Ferris, our first

Secretary, was what might be termed an outsider, as he was then living in Dobbs Ferry while the charter of the Association in 1899 stated "The Territory in which the operations of this corporation are to be principally conducted is Warren, Washington, Essex, Clinton, Saratoga and Hamilton counties in the State of New York." It seems that Mr. Ferris was interested in many societies which were intended to foster and promote a love of our country and a familiarity with its history. The records do not show just how he first became interested in this project, but he was one of four who met at Lake George in the summer of 1898, one of ten who met at the Rockwell House, Glens Falls, Dec. 17, 1898 and decided to incorporate the New York State Historical Association, and one of five who signed the petition for charter, March 21, 1899 which charter was granted and the Association incorporated by the Regents April 24, 1899. So it is evident that he was intensely interested and very active in its formation, and the next question is why he dropped out as Secretary in 1902. It was probably taking too much of his time and after the successful launching, he turned his secretarial duties over to one nearer the seat of action, namely, Robert O. Bascom of Fort Edward. It was a good choice. Mr. Bascom came from a line of Bascoms stretching back to Thomas Bascom who came over from England in 1634, and whose descendants were in both Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. He was a successful lawyer and was District Attorney for Washington County from 1905 until his death. While first of all a lawyer, he remained always a student. He published much and was constantly in search of historical material. His "The Men with Ethan Allen at the Capture of Ticonderoga," published in Vol. IX of our *Proceedings* was said to be the most complete list in existence. All the time I lived at Ticonderoga I wished that I had an ancestor who fought in some of its battles and I did not know until I read over Mr. Bascom's list that one of my ancestors was with Ethan Allen that memorable day in 1775. Mr. Bascom died in 1909 and I was his successor.

No record of the early days of the New York State His-



torical Association would be complete without mention of James A. Holden, who was one of its faithful wheel horses. As son of Dr. Austin W. Holden whose *History of the Town of Queensbury* is still an authority, he inherited a love of history, so joined gladly in the work of starting the young Association. He was at all of the early meetings and was, after the Association was incorporated, its first and until his death in 1918, its only Treasurer. He was also librarian and in many ways did a vast amount of work without compensation. In the Crandall Library at Glens Falls is a special room housing the James A. Holden Historical Library. After Mr. Holden's death it was thought best to combine the offices of Secretary and Treasurer under one head.

A casual glance over the list of the early Trustees brings up many memories. Dr. Farr of the Glens Falls Academy, well known educator and one of the prime movers in the founding of the Association, who unfortunately died in 1903; Asa Wing of Fort Edward, a descendant of the first settler of Glens Falls; "Bob" Alexander of the class of '80 Union College, later manager of the Mail and Express, New York City, a summer resident of Lake George and a dynamic force, who died in 1899; Elmer West, who for many years was prominent in business affairs of this vicinity; Pliny T. Sexton of Palmyra who casually dropped into a tax sale being conducted in the Capitol at Albany, made a bid of \$1,500, went home and later was informed that he was the owner of Dome Island on Lake George; Harry W. Watrous, distinguished artist and summer resident at Hague, who in his younger days made such a realistic sea serpent (which was controlled by ropes at the bottom of the Lake) that any unfortunate victim who saw the vision was willing to swear on a stack of Bibles a mile high that he had seen the real thing; Charles Stone of Sandy Hill who really did see the real thing as he was a forty-niner who crossed the Isthmus on foot—one day he was tired and lagged behind the rest of the party until a boa constrictor which he declared was as big as a stove pipe, looked him in the eye; Abraham B. Valentine who pronounced the "Lord Howe Stone" a fake. By the way, if one



wants an argument with me, that is a sure way to start one. The real burial place of Lord Howe is a fair question for debate and there is plenty to be said on both sides. The weight of historical evidence seems to be that he was taken to Albany but a representative of the family who came over after the war to take his remains to England for burial couldn't find them, and in the July 1927 *Quarterly*, found in Vol. XXV, I have proved, to my satisfaction at least, that the remains memorialized by a tablet in the vestibule of St. Peter's Church were really those of Colonel Townshend, killed in 1759. The stone found at the head of remains when digging a trench at Ticonderoga in 1889, marked "IN MEM OF LO HOWE KILLED TROUT BROOK" might mean Lorenzo or some other Howe. My only contention is that the stone is NO FAKE. I was a resident of Ticonderoga from 1893 to 1905 and knew well the principals in the case. If Judge Fenton swears that he washed the clay from the stone as found and discovered the lettering as above, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to its authenticity.

Continuing the roster of early trustees of the Association, we find Dr. King of the Fort Edward Collegiate Institute, one of the best known educational institutions of its day in the United States; Howland Pell, who before Stephen Pell took over, was the representative of the Pell family at Fort Ticonderoga; Colonel John L. Cunningham, President for many years of the Glens Falls Insurance Company, whose series of historical calendars gotten out by the Company to illustrate the history of this region, were outstanding; Dr. W. Seward Webb who had a summer home on Lake Champlain and was very much interested in the history of the Champlain Valley; Admiral Moore of Bolton Landing and General Davis of Schenectady, two old war horses, faithful attendants and valiant warriors at every meeting; Thomas E. Finegan and James Sullivan, whose ancestors must have tangled up with the Scots as they were both Presbyterians. (It was Dr. Sullivan who changed our Proceedings from the yearly bound volume to quarterly magazine); Gilbert D. B. Hasbrouck of Kingston, whose command of the English language was equal

to that of Dr. Fox's, and who had a quotation from the classics to embellish any statement; Stuyvesant Fish, John H. Finley, and many, many others.

The mention of Dr. Finley reminds me of our first visit. I had met him at the Education Building that afternoon but was barely introduced because he was busy on an address he was to give that evening in New York. It so happened that I also was going to New York and by a coincidence we were ushered to the same table in the dining car. The Doctor had his brief case with him and I imagine that he had planned to put the finishing touches on his address, so beyond a bare recognition I made no advances. The Doctor was a kindly soul, however, so opened the conversation and I was only too glad to follow his lead. I mentioned that I had seen in the papers that he had been visiting the Carnegies at Skibo Castle and with that opening we two Scottish enthusiasts not only visited through the meal but long after it was finished and were firm friends ever after. He mentioned that he had tried to buy a Black Watch tie without success. It so happened that I had a new one in my satchel which I was glad to give him and a few weeks later he sent me a picture clipped from the New York *Times* picture supplement with a note calling my attention to the Black Watch tie he was wearing. This isn't really part of Association history except to illustrate the friendships made which amply paid me for thirty-one years of gratuitous services as Secretary.

The one outstanding member who lifted us out of our itinerant roll and put us on our feet as owners of a home was Horace A. Moses. His death is too recent to need an extended review in this article, but, as treasurer at the time, I want to record that Headquarters House cost over \$160,000 and that he gave us a \$100,000 Endowment Fund to maintain it. He also spent over \$50,000 on the "Liberty" Monument in Moses Circle and other thousands of dollars in incidentals for the benefit of the Association. I will add only a few personal items which did not appear in the formal obituary. Of good old Yankee stock, he was born on a farm a few

miles south of Ticonderoga and loved every inch of the surrounding country. He showed me the barn across Trout Brook Valley where he had to struggle through the snow in winter to feed the stock. Near the substantial white farm house we drank from the spring of never failing cold water which to him was the finest drink in the world. On nearby Lake George he had a camp and what is rather unique among fishermen, he not only loved to catch fish but to clean and cook as well as to eat them. I visited him at his beautiful home in Springfield, Mass., and he was a royal host and a good friend.

In connection with the Headquarters House, besides Mr. Moses, one name is outstanding and that is George D. Pratt. Mr. Moses very correctly felt that what cost nothing was rarely valued and he stipulated that the other members of the Association must subscribe at least \$25,000 toward furnishing the Headquarters House. Mr. Pratt not only gave \$15,000 but helped us raise the remaining \$10,000. The members of those days were long in historical interest but short on cash. Or perhaps we did not exploit our solvent members. Many a time as I have read over the obituaries of deceased members, I have been amazed at their prominence in the business world. Besides his financial assistance, Mr. Pratt helped in many other ways. His friend, Mr. R. T. H. Halsey, who had supervised the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, also gave us his advice as to the correctness in detail of building and furnishings at Ticonderoga. For example, an elaborate knocker on the front door had to be replaced with a more modest design, the bronze sign in the front yard was changed to one of wood, the brass rail on either side of the steps at the front door had to be painted black, etc. as everything must be of the period. Another gift by Mr. Pratt to the Association was the bronze Indian by A. Phimister Proctor in the Lake George Battleground Park of which the New York State Historical Association at that time was the custodian.

I could ramble on indefinitely—the roll includes distinguished men from every walk of life and from every part of



the State of New York. It would pay anyone interested in the background of the Association to read over the list of Trustees on pages 371-373 in Vol. XXIII, and in fact don't stop there but look at all the information assembled by Peter Nelson from pages 307 to 373. At this point I should like to say something about Mr. Nelson. He was not one of the pioneers but for many years he had charge of our publications and we are deeply indebted to him for his painstaking thoroughness. He was of Scandinavian extraction (the name was originally Neilson), was graduated from Union College in the class of 1898 and was in the State Department of Archives and History from 1924 until a disabling stroke which happened at the Niagara Falls meeting in 1936. His loss was felt keenly as he was active in the affairs of the Association and always dependable.

Two other names should receive honorable mention—Miss Annabel Beaudoin, who was Mr. Holden's secretary and faithful helper all the years he served the Association, and Miss Flora E. Bent, who has been my assistant from 1909 to date. It is safe to say that she knows more about the membership of the Association than all the rest of us put together, and for that reason is now chairman of the Necrology Committee.

There is one other incident of the early days which I would like to mention, as it would have made history and I am perhaps the only one now alive who knows about it. The desire to commemorate the discovery of Lake George by Father Jogues and his martyrdom was one of the early projects of the Association. This finally found fruition in the magnificent monument by Charles Keck erected by the State of New York at the head of the Lake.

The plan of earlier days was to erect a statue on one of the islands in the Narrows. Mrs. Harry W. Watrous, however, had a much more ambitious and novel proposition. She was a devoted member of the New York State Historical Association and had vision, as can be seen by reading her "Fort Ticonderoga Restored," a paper read at the 1904 annual meeting and published in Vol. V of our *Proceedings*, years



before the actual work commenced. To her a statue was commonplace. It seems that Gutzon Borglum, a friend of her's, also had vision and was thinking of statuary in colossal terms on the living rock as found expression eventually on Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills. Between them they envisioned a Lake George monument to Father Jogues on Rogers Rock, a price was agreed upon and it was to be the gift of Mrs. Watrous, but unfortunately she died before it materialized.

I will close these pages from ancient history with a few remarks about our annual meetings.

Our fourth President was Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, a fine man, good doctor and President of the Mohawk & Hudson River Humane Society, but my chief recollection is his terrible disappointment over the 1917 annual meeting. It might be said at this point that in the early days of the Association, before we had a Headquarters House and were still itinerants, the Annual Meeting was the chief activity of the President. It was he who chose the place, the local committees and the program. It was up to the Secretary and Treasurer to carry on most of the interim work of the Association. Dr. Stillman had chosen New York City for his place of meeting and thought that the distinguished speakers he had succeeded in securing would draw the crowd. In fact so sanguine was he that for the one meeting where we were to be welcomed by the Mayor and addressed by a Bishop, a special envoy of Russia to America, a former ambassador to Turkey, the Chinese Ambassador, etc., he had secured the auditorium of the American Museum of Natural History, which would probably seat 2500. The few who were there were almost lost in the vast empty spaces. Our other sessions were in the Hall of the New-York Historical Society and were not such conspicuous failures, but President Stillman's heart was broken and he refused reelection.

This failure established New York City as an impossible meeting place until Dr. Fox and Alexander J. Wall proved in 1926 that success could be achieved even in New York City.

It was in 1907 that we started our itinerant career by a meeting in Buffalo. This was probably inspired by President Roberts and is the only annual meeting, with the exception of the Lake Mohonk meeting in 1935, that I have missed. At this point I want to give credit to Dr. W. A. E. Cummings, Assistant Secretary 1909-13, for an inspiration which more than anything else has been responsible for the success of our meetings. He conceived the idea of a houseboat party for our 1910 meeting on Lake Champlain. No one who was fortunate enough to be present will ever forget those glorious three days cruising up and down the Lake on the Steamer *Vermont*, and holding meetings at the different historic sites. This started quite a different type of meeting and instead of purely formal affairs which dealt only with history and Association business, they were also friendly gatherings at which those who had been at Lake Champlain were the nucleus and were like old classmates at a college reunion.

Another houseboat party was in 1915, when through the kind offices of Mr. George Tait of Glens Falls, at that time Vice President of the Hudson Navigation Company, we secured that floating hotel of the People's Line, the *Berkshire*, and the over three hundred in attendance at the West Point meeting lived in regal style at a cost of only five dollars a day, which included not only bed and board but transportation of both members and automobiles. It was the first time that West Point had ever entertained a civic body and we were shown every courtesy that was possible for civilians to receive. Another high spot of this meeting was the reception by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborne at Castle Rock on the east side of the Hudson. Inspired by the success of the houseboat meetings on Lake Champlain and West Point, we were about to charter a steamer on the St. Lawrence, holding meetings at Montreal and Quebec and going down as far as the Saguenay, but World War I spoiled this plan.

Up to 1947 we have held meetings in thirty different places in the State of New York, and from these as focal points have visited the nearby historic points so that our *Proceedings*, which publish the papers read at these meetings and now

number forty-five volumes, are probably as comprehensive collections of local history as can be found in the State of New York.

Aside from the houseboat parties, which were in a class by themselves, it has been found by experience that the most enjoyable meetings were at places where everything could be held under one roof. Lake Placid Club and Lake Mohonk are two shining examples, and the three meetings at Cooperstown are good illustrations of what can happen when this is not the case. In 1916 a choice of a cheaper hotel was given, the result was that the forces were divided and no one was satisfied. In 1940 we all slept at the Otesaga but had to meet and eat elsewhere. *It rained!* In 1947, however, everything was under one roof and it was one of the most enjoyable and successful meetings we ever held.

We have usually been fortunate as to weather, and to illustrate this point, I want to tell about one meeting where rain would have been disastrous. This was at Bear Mountain in 1920. President Blauvelt, a New York State Senator, was one of the Bear Mountain Commissioners. To appreciate the long chances that he took, those who have never been to Bear Mountain Inn should know that the place is simply ideal in every particular—location, scenery, beautiful building, hall for meetings, and food—except sleeping accommodations for guests. How could one expect two hundred historians, most of them at an age of discretion which demands room with bath, to camp out for two nights and to survive the deep seated grouch which would ensue? It was a toss up whether the privations of primitive sleeping quarters would be taken as a joke and add to the fun, or everyone depart the next day in dudgeon. The President had faith in the good fellowship of the historians, and won out. Our quarters were a row of cells about 6 x 8, usually occupied by the help. An iron cot, one chair and a small table were the furnishings, but everything was scrupulously clean and airy. Several large wash rooms, some for men and others for women, served for sections of the dormitories. The unattached men were bunked in a log camp a half mile away in the woods, and a



dozen couples were quartered in a hotel five miles away. All ate, however, at the Inn.

The grand test came after the first night and the conversation in the men's wash room the next morning was rich. Sherman Williams, who had been one of the campers, said "I am not much of a judge of music, but if I were going to make a statement, I should say that they didn't snore in harmony last night." The State Historian was not disturbed because he slept out under the trees. A distinguished Albanian who seemed to be bubbling over with joy was asked why he was so happy and replied, "Because I'm so darn glad the night is over." And so it went. The proverbial good humor of the average Yankee came to the surface, the sun shone and the weather was ideal, the breakfast was good, and the discomforts of the night only served to put everyone on common ground and start the era of good fellowship which distinguished this meeting above all others. As was remarked, it was a "family gathering," and in the evening after the exercises were over and most of the members had retired to their Spartan quarters, some sat around the big fireplace and told stories until the "wee sma" hours of the morning. It was a great meeting.











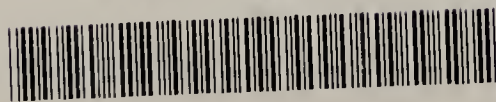








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